

The Omen



Nicer Than Hell

The Omen

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“We didn’t invent anything, we just repeated it.”

-Luther Campbell

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Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), or Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 300 times. What better way to be heard?



What The Hell Is This? (Part1027)

Hello, young lovers,
This is the Love Daddy, comin' right at cha on WAM... What? Huh? I think this connection's crossed. Anyway, by the time you read this the Spring '96 semester will be but a few days away. Do you know what that means? I didn't think so. It'll be my third spring semester here.

I'll tell you right off the bat, that I have absolutely nothing to talk about right now, in this forum, so if you want something even remotely entertaining, just do yourself a favor and skip this article. I'm going to ramble for this page, and then stop.

Before you flip the page though, you should all know that Justin Kraft has been kind and generous, above and well beyond the call of duty. He has lent The Omen a scanner for the rest of the semester. I now only have to leave my room to print The Omen out... and eat, and one or two other things. Woo-hoo! Thank you, Justin.

O.K., now you really shouldn't read this article anymore. Just mosey on along. Well, I guess if you're still reading, I should respond to all the complaints I've been getting because the last issue wasn't offensive at all.

I wholeheartedly apolo-

gize, and to make it up to you, I'll tell you the things I love most about retards. There are three things in particular, and here they are:

You know, what I just wrote that whole section, and the erased it because it was way over the edge. I've just erased the most morally horrible thing I've ever written. It wasn't funny, as much as it was nasty and downright cruel. I was obviously trying too hard.

I realize that you people who are still reading at this point (who obviously aren't using their best judgment when it comes to my advice) are my audience, and I'm letting you down. I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you next week, I swear. I'm tired, I'm hungry, and I have to get the first of three installments of my root canal tomorrow morning. Crap, crap, crap.

Oh great, now I'm whining, that's the last thing you want out of this article. I hope you all can forgive me. Where are you all going? Don't flip the page yet, I haven't even told you that I gave out the wrong number for the school store in my article last week.

(It really should be x5437... shit that was my trump card, now they really aren't going to read on.)

[I thought you didn't want people to read this article from the get-go.] (I can change my mind, can't I) [Well, you don't seem to be very honest with yourself, or your audience, with this emotion-toying type of game you're playing. You're violating everyone's trust, and trying everyone's patience.] (I think you're blowing things way out of proportion here. Maybe I've decided that I want people to pay attention to what I write instead of flipping to the centerfold and getting their jollies off of staring at some bimbo's breast implants while finding out her turn-offs are guys who can't commit, green beans, and Saddam Hussein.) [Step back a second. This is the editorial in The Omen, Hampshire College's school paper.]

(Are you sure?)

[Does the Pope wear a funny bear in the woods?]

(How long have I gone on for?)

[About a half a page.]

(I'm sorry. You were right, no one should have read this article. I'm going to cut out now.)

[Bye.] (Bye.)

Jonathan Land
Managing Editor
Car and Driver



A Cappella Fest '96'

The Northampton Arts Council and the Greater Northampton Chamber of Commerce are pleased to announce the first annual A Cappella Fest '96: 100% Pure and Unplugged, a weekend dedicated to a cappella, the vocal tradition of group singing unaccompanied by any instruments. Building on the highly successful collegiate a cappella singing competition, the Silver Chord Bowl, the Arts Council has expanded the opening weekend of its benefit series Four Sundays in February '96 to include an evening production of professional a cappella singing, *The Wide World of A Cappella*. This evening, Saturday, February 3rd at 8:00 p.m. at the John M. Green Hall at Smith College, showcases some of the best a cappella singers in the country today. Featured will be the Bobs, the Persuasions, Sons and Lovers and the Trembles. These performers have never shared the same stage before and are thrilled to be performing on the same bill. The Bobs are a four member a cappella group known for their incredible live show, witty, tuneful, original material and outrageous covers of classic songs. They've been together since 1981 and have sold out venues around the world. They have been nominated for a Grammy,



Hampshire's own Spontaneous Combustion.

been the musical commentators on National Public Radio and have built themselves a legion of adoring fans. They are a "band without instruments" using just their voices and body percussion to fill the theater with an orchestra of harmonious sound, accompanying themselves on songs that range from soulful to satire, from amazing to moving, from familiar to unimaginable - a show that is part theater, part comedy, part performance art, but most of all a unique evening of music. The Persuasions, best known for their rendition of "(...that's the sound of the men working on the) Chain Gang", have been performing and recording for over 30 years. The long-reigning kings of a cappella, the Persuasions are the originators of the New York street sound, a cappella that is

"smooth-as-a-cool breeze harmonizing, sans instrumentation, that filled the night air like smoke rings under a streetlamp". While their singing is rooted in the gospel church, they sing rhythm and blues, doo-wop, songs from the '60s, as well as covers of Paul Simon, Willie Dixon, Kurt Weil and Bertolt Brecht, to name just a few of their eclectic influences. Sons and Lovers is a four man New York City-based gay a cappella group. Founded by Elliot Pilshaw, who also co-founded The Flirtations, they started out in 1993 performing in subway stations as part of NYC's Music Under New York program. From the subways they've moved on to performing for near capacity crowds in venues as di-

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Child Rearing - Brassard Style

Section Hate - 22 January, 1996

I was talking on the phone with my father the other day, and somehow we got onto the topic of parenting. More specifically, his concerns over the job he has done as a parent. His big worry, it seems, is that both myself and my sister will come to hate him and/or my mother for something they did wrong as they were raising us. Not necessarily to hate him unilaterally, but for that specific yet vague event or choice or punishment or whatever that will have scarred us, marred the fabric of our adolescent development. He is afraid of resentment. He is afraid he didn't do a good job.

I guess, in short, he is afraid of becoming his father.

As the dual-pronged attack of the mind sciences, psychiatry and psychology, make further advances and become more respectable - as phrases like "healing your inner child" and "sublimating your own sense of self" become commonplace in our everyday lexicon - the role of parent seems to be coming under fire more and more. It is now not only common, but, dare I say, fairly chic to blame your parents for your own shortcomings. You know, the day they

grounded you for two months when they caught you puffing on a jay in the back yard really scarred you for life, didn't it? Especially because you couldn't go to the mall or watch your favorite sitcom every Tuesday night. For two months. Isn't there something in the Constitution about cruel and unusual punishment?

I don't mean to sound like I'm putting down psychiatry or psychology or therapy or social work or whatever - I'm not. I think a whole heap of good has come out of these fields of study and research. I suppose it is the ultimate goal, finding out just what makes our brains work the way they do. I myself have benefited from the wonders of psychology, and various members of my family, not to mention various friends, have found relief and healing in psychiatry and psychology. I'm also not saying that how parents perform their jobs as parents has no effect upon their children, because obviously they do. (I could address the whole Nature v. Nurture argument here, but I don't even want to begin to try to wrap my mind around that one right now) What I am saying is that we in this country have not only embraced the mind sciences whole-heartedly, we have em-

braced them too well; that, in our fervent search to pin the blame anywhere but on ourselves, we have found in psychiatry and psychology (and the paradigms that tag along with them) the perfect scapegoat. And that, in my opinion, is wrong.

Look. Parenting is a tough, often thankless job - you're overworked, way underpaid, and you don't even get benefits or a 401k. To top it all off, you don't receive any training - you're just thrown into the job all of a sudden, with only one co-worker, no management to speak of, and this little crying thing that have no idea what to do with. Dr. Spock and sundry associates notwithstanding, there are no guidebooks or training manuals to help you along. When you get right down to brass tacks, it's all guesswork. It's like putting together one of those incredibly accurate and painstakingly intricate models of a Model-T Ford with no instructions and a homemade epoxy made from flour and water. And we all know how tough those models are anyway, even with the instructions and your favorite bottle of Elmer's. So to go around laying a uniform blanket of blame on parents in gen-

Continued on page 8.

Chicks, Chicks, And More Chicks!!!

These days, notions about femininity range from the "radical feminist" school of thought (don't try to be beautiful, you'll only be the muse for J. Random Rapist), to the philosophy found in *Glamour* (big boobs, flawless makeup, and legs like chopsticks make for today's Successful Career Woman). But it's hard to typify the image dominating an age until one has the benefit of myopic hindsight. Besides, the woman I know best is, well, me--and I neither eschew makeup as a pore-clogging tool of The Man, nor upbraid myself for non-conformity to Claudia Schiffer's Procrustean ideal.

There is, however, the bare fact that we up-and-coming chicks of the '90's have a bizarre potpourri of literary influences that have shaped our existence. In a time when the classics, however "timeless" they are, display fewer concrete similarities to "the real world," its politics, and mores, being raised on the staples of the female literary tradition gets more and more confusing. Who can read "Little Women" these days with the same pure enjoyment it afforded during adolescence? (for you dyed-in-the-woo feminists out there, don't even *try* to tell me you didn't like it when you were ten.) Do the simple ideals in "Anne of Green Gables" find easy parlance with the "progressive" climate of the times? And for Pete's sake, how do I reconcile my collection

of "Cherry" Comics with the "Cherry Ames--Stewardess" series of my youth?

Basically, I just can't see the Bobbsey Twins getting along with those funky gals from Sweet Valley High. Yet any well-rounded kid absorbed all of these in the early eighties, and it's left a fine mark on our egos that we either accept, deconstruct, or flat-out condemn.

And so, in the female spirit of processing my influences to find out just what the *heck* is going on, I offer the following analysis. Much of it is motivated by my until-now dormant response to the various analyses of "Little Women" that came out last year, in response to that Winona Ryder fiasco. Scads of bitchy writers, it seemed to me, took their movie-review opportunities to reveal how that wonderful book managed to forever pervert their sense of womanhood. Well, ladies, if a lesbian writer of the late 19th century managed to pull such a whammy on your femininity, I suggest you stop writing for (among others I observed this trend in) *Vogue* and take up something useful, like needlepoint. Then you could sew your fingers together and stop writing such poor-widdle-me bullshit (and if the needle made its way to your mouth, so much the better).

As if you couldn't guess,

my first chick book was the much-maligned "Little Women." For you Philistines who haven't read it (and this means you too, "guys") it is the story of four sisters living just above the poverty line during the Civil War. Dad has gone off to be a chaplain in the Union Army, and Mom (or "Marmee" as the text goes) is too busy with her various charities to be at home much. This leaves the girls Home Alone to pretty much raise themselves. Oh, sure, there's a token black cook-maid-dispenser-of-down-home-advice-Northern-version-of-slave hanging around, but racial stereotypes in American classics is a topic I will handle at another time.

So Meg (vain), Jo (virago-with-bad-temper), Beth (shy), and Amy (spoiled brat) get to conquer their various faults with only pluck, compassion, and the occasional Marmee to lead the way. Narrated over a period of over ten years, the story leads them into marriage, children, death, and careers while they mature womanhood. Okay. So what's the big deal?

Well, one writer found the struggles of Jo to control her temper a classic example of how women are conditioned to hide their feelings. Now, I don't know about the rest of you, but when I threatened to kill my sister, my

Continued on the next page.

More Chicks, And A Couple Of Babes

Continued from previous page.

Mom had a stern talking-to with me, as well. Being an explosive virago makes for some good stories, sure, but there's a reason punching-bags were invented. Another writer found Meg's eventual abandon of her "marrying rich" ideal as a surrender of dreams for the lackluster trade-off into marriage, twins, and crappy poverty. Now, ungrounded as I am in contemporary feminism, I don't quite perceive how one would be better than the other. And everyone seemed to have a problem with Beth because she was shy. Well? People *are* shy--it's a real personality trait, and sometimes, a problem. But, like Beth, we muddle through. This doesn't mean it's "okay," societally accepted, because she's a girl. It just means we play the hand we're dealt with.

And I don't want to even get started on how contemporary Hollywood cast the beautiful Winona Ryder into the role of Jo, who even at her brightest moment in the book, is "plain, round-shouldered, and sharp-featured." While Louisa May Alcott was able to deal with a less-than Cover Girl heroine, our progressive age was not. And I think that says a lot about how "far" we've come (Note: not one of the indignant reviewers found this worthy of mention. I assume this means giving Jo a nose job and a winning smile was a step up for

womyn everywhere.).

My latest reading of this book was over Christmas Break; I can't even begin to tally the many times I've read it. And bugger what you all think--my femininity is just as unperverted as the next beer-swiggling, porn-watching pre-law student. Aha! Hard to contradict that one, isn't it?

Moving on to the other side of the female spectrum, and, incidentally, the other side of the Civil War, we have the classic *Gone With the Wind*. Reader be warned, as mentioned before, this is not the time or place to deal with racial stereotypes in the American novel (though Mammy knows I could). What we will deal with here, instead, is hard-core female assertiveness, despite the fact that (first sentence) "Scarlett O'Hara was not beautiful."

I can hear the shirks of avenging maenads now, but in my mind, Scarlett O'Hara will always be a version of unmitigated female uberwenchness. To contradict my self, it takes real balls to marry once for spite, once for money, and once for pure fun (= money), bear some brats along the way, and delude yourself into loving the local Sensitive New Age Guy. There wasn't anything Scarlett balked at doing, when it needed to be done. Ignoring the female conventions of the time (pretending men were smarter

than you and being nice to people), Scarlett would have eaten those Yankee *Little Women* without bursting a corset string. Yet both books manage to provide strong female archetypes for consideration and review--because Alcott and Mitchell, far surpassing many women of today (except Salt'n'Pepa), realized that womanhood ain't about nothing but a she thang.

Anne of Green Gables was a girl who worked her way through college, believed in loyalty to friends, and had six kids (i.e., she was good in bed). Mention her name these days and you can instantly upgrade your roster of assholes with condescending smiles. The only person I can chat with about this book is my theater-fuck friend Tom, who of course needs to be in touch with his feminine side for the sake of his Art. At least the recent Disney production of *this* book only slightly mauled the original (squished time line).

Ego time: One can digest and admire these women if one doesn't feel threatened by their identities. Character type does not mean character mold. For those people who need to pattern themselves after someone, maybe you should just stay away from books and TV altogether. In other words, anyone who compromises her femininity via Nancy Drew had also better stay

Continued on next page.

Just Send Them To Summer Camp

Continued from page 5.

eral is just a tad disrespectful and grievously over-generalized.

I'm not saying that some parents do some horrible things - the evidence is there, so I'm not even going to try to state otherwise. Abuse, molestation, incest, neglect - it all happens. Humans can be pretty damn despicable, it's true. But to take those cases - in the minority, to be sure - and categorize them as the norm for parents around the country wrongly buys into the lowest common denominator theory. Not all parents are like Susan Smith. I think it's important that we remember that.

So, when my father talks to me about his fears that his children are going to hate him for something he did wrong while raising us, I get mad. Not at him, but at the societal mind-set that has led to these ungrounded fears. My father has his shortcomings, as do we all, but both

he and my mother were great parents. I'm not touting them as perfect; they made their fair share of mistakes . . . but they were young. They didn't know exactly what they were doing. They had to guess, go with gut instincts and feelings, improvise. And, for the most part, it worked. They did a fine job. I'm not fucked-up in any major way - c'mon, let's face it, we're all fucked-up in some way - and my problems, my minor psychoses or whatever, are mine. I remember once, when I was sixteen and incredibly foolish (as opposed to being twenty-one and marginally foolish), I got into a fight with my mom and said that all my problems were her fault. I called her a bitch . . . for which she rightly gave me a couple of good, solid slaps across the face. And you know what? I was wrong. In a big way. And I don't think I'll ever forget that incident, because it was the only time either of my parents lifted a hand against me, and because I

said such horrible things to the people who were trying to raise me the best way they knew how.

I guess I'm trying to say that I'm sorry.

And that's enough for this week's stroll through Section Hate. I apologize for the sappiness in this week's article . . . no, fuck it, I don't. You got a problem with it? suggestions? hate mail? Send 'em my way, you pus-infested tapeworm: Box 21 (via snail mail) or jobF92@hamp.hampshire.edu (via email). Or, dammit, write for The Omen. Let your inner child wail as a thousand people watch. It's good therapy.

So, till next we meet in my little subjective corner of the universe, remember, kiddies: keep your feet on the ground, but keep reaching for the stars.

So . . . tell me about your thppth . . .

Josh Brassard
Section Hate Editor

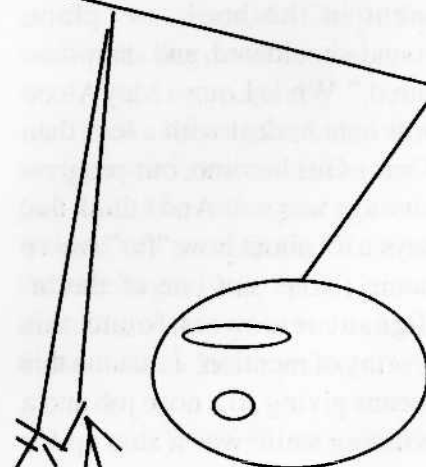
Girls, Girls, Girls, Cont.

away from the Bible, Shakespeare, and Dilbert. Literature was not churned out for the easily suggestible.

Of course, I could be wrong. One thing is for sure, though--Scarlett O'Hara could kick

Gloria Steinem's butt any day of the week, even if Gloria knows more about Lamaze.

Stephanie Cole
News Editor (all though
you'd never know it)
The Hampshire Omen



Unsilent Lucidity

V: Lucid Cartooning

Regardless, we're all acting like the sheep giving the hoof or the one with its butt out the window, rather than the one driving. We think it's cool to moon the adversities of life as we pass them by, but without the driver, it's just our ass hanging out the passenger's side window of a car careening off the roadside of life. Look at the life in the eyes of the sheep-driver; it's the kinda stuff that Tolkein would take a dozen pages to explain thoroughly, but Larson leaves us with in an instant, and it sticks with you, like an aftertaste. Guess who'll be tellin' the tale of their joyride to the rest of the flock later? The driver: "And so then I decided to pass farmer Bob, and Earl stuck his butt out the window..." First person.

Moreover notice that a one frame black and white comic is certainly worth a thousand words, and quite a bit more than 8,800 hours worth of computer processing. This snapshot of irony is arguably "better" than Toy Story just as, microcosmically, the sheep-driver is arguably "better" than the up-yours-sheep or the mooner sheep, if you were to pass such judgments. It's a picture of a sheep driving a car, and subsequently the sheep driving the car is the most important, though perhaps overlooked, one.

VI: Lucid Rambling

The same should hold true for the job of living your life, but I don't want to preach too much here because: 1) only half the school's here to hear me, 2) it has recently been brought to my attention by several people that no one understands my rambling



Sheep that pass in the night

columns anyway (even though, to many's disbelief, they scarily make perfect sense to me) (I don't even know why I bother, sometimes... just to help Jon fill up his little rag in a time of need?) and frankly 3) it's hypocritical, and furthermore just plain annoying (but so are those people who use "was" where "were" should be in cases like "If I was..."

or 'I wish I was...' elch! Come on people, you're adults

now; learn to speak your native language. It's called the subjunctive case. Look it up!) It's just like those people who think that the stock market, 5000 on the Dow Jones industrial average for the first time ever, is now therefore perfectly peachy keen! Fuck that! It's gonna crash before summer starts! Get with the program,

learn the pattern, realize that you're living, drive the car, and for gods' sakes get your hairy ass in the window... it's freezing outside.

VII: Lucid Concluding

And so ends the Lucid saga of JanTerm 96. Expect another mini-series of articles next JanTerm (possibly sooner, depending on how much time, motivation, and inspiration I have), which are hopefully better than this one.

And anyone out there feel free to drop me a note anytime. I'm box 13, and I love to get mail. Walking into the post office every week to actually feel excitement at getting the Career Options Resource Center mailout (yes! someone likes me!) is a pretty pathetic lifestyle... even for Wintercamp. Au Revoir.

Treppanrant by: K,
Casey Nordell

Nadia's 12 Guidelines For Heterosexual Women And Men

(I'm straight. I hate people who try to write from another person's perspective but really don't know what the hell their talking about. Well, maybe some of these guidelines may apply to those of a different sexual persuasion.)

1. Before you have sex, make sure your partner(s) have the same intentions you do. If your thinking "I just want to fuck him or her cause its fun" and the other party involved is thinking "This is going to be one of the most meaningful moments in my life," then there is a serious lap in communication...no shit?!!

2. However, if both partners decide to "share" their intentions with one another, make sure you do not find yourself saying, "I love you", when you actually mean "I want to fuck you." And never, ever respond to a person's wishes which are contrary to yours by saying, "That's okay with me," when you really are thinking, "He or she doesn't really think that, they'll change their mind."

3. Never fool around with your friend's partner without their expressive permission. Not only may you destroy the relationship between your friend and their current boy/girl friend, but their relationship to you. Besides, after a time you may realize that the person was not even worth it.

4. Being in love with someone is cool, but never center your life around them. And if they tell you to get a life, don't start calling them five times a day and ask, "What 'cha doing?"

5. If you have only known someone for two weeks, don't start asking them about when they would like to get married and how many kids they want to have.

6. Don't ever accuse a perspective partner of being lame/egotistical/racist/irrational/stupid. If they bother you that much, don't bother insulting them, just leave.

7. Remember that the available men/women do not only exist on this campus. Check out the other colleges, or maybe your friendly neighborhood gas station. Hmmm.....

8. Try to find a midpoint between overanalyzing the risks of becoming involved with someone and proclaiming your undying love for them after having talked to them for five minutes.

9. If it talks like a dud, walks like a dud and smells like a dud...you know.

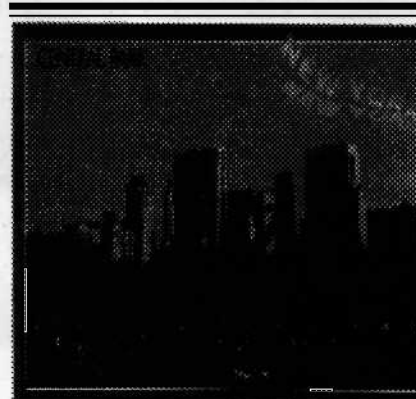
10. If you are a man, don't be intimidated by women who

come on to you...who knows, it could be fun!!!

11. If your a woman, remember this rule, "Three strikes and your out." This concept appears to be simple, but sometimes its hard to keep count.

12. Last but not least, if you are not really interested in someone, don't respond to his or her invitation to visit/call you with a "yes" when you really mean "no". Their ego won't be crushed, your not that hot...just a waste of time.

by Nadia Lesy



New York, New York, a hell of a town!



Twelve Monkeys

Twelve Monkeys is a two hour sweeping journey leaping sporadically through time, a science fiction movie based on La Jette (an old 1950's science fiction movie) but made into a distinctly 1990's flick through the mind of Terry Gilliam (Brazil, The Fisher King) and the starring roles of Bruce Willis, Madeline Stowe and Brad Pitt. It is the future: five billion people have been wiped out by a virus that mysteriously and suddenly appeared in the year 1996. The survivors moved below the infected earth and formed an underground, militant dictatorship and are now planning to send someone back in time to find a sample of the virus so that it can be cured in the future. That someone is played by Bruce Willis, a political prisoner with a photographic memory of the events of 1996.

Although this is the general plot, the thing that is so catching about the movie is the endless complexities, plot twists and side stories that revolve around his quest back in time. The ending is a series of surprises that makes you wonder what was really going on the whole time. It is all presented in a fast paced, exciting way that kept you following the action at the edge of your seat. It kind of reminds me of something that has been lost in movies for quite some time—the fact that you can just sit back in the theater and still be scared, thrilled, and yet comfortably passive.

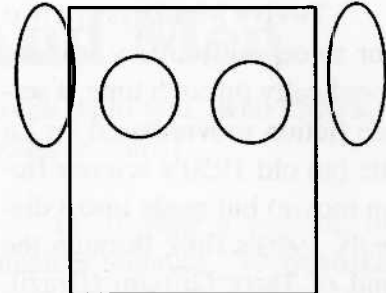
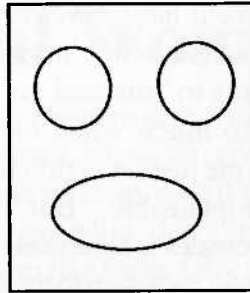
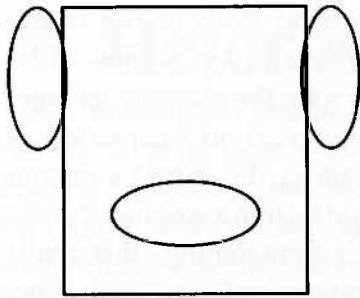
I myself have never been a fan of science fiction movies; I hate having to "suspend my disbelief" so much when certain things to me just seem ridiculous and/or implausible. But Terry Gilliam creates a believable and even artistic backdrop to the story in the way that he presents his futuristic society—a high tech underground nightmare of endless machinery, metal pipes and wires, computers and large, scary gadgets, and strange scientists. When Bruce Willis emerges from this dark world onto the surface clad in protective gear, the city looks like the spooky, deserted place one would expect after a virus had killed off more than half of the earth's population. 1996 is the kind of place anyone would expect-gritty, urban and violent. The movie also plays a lot with the idea of sanity—what it really is in such an insane world, how sanity can change definitions and shapes and forms. Psychiatry is indeed a new sort of religion, and Gilliam really had something to say about psychiatrists and doctors in this movie—mainly that they can not, and should not, judge who is sane and really should not have the power that they do in many situations. The psychiatrists like to mold sanity into what they believe is right but do they really have a place to judge?

The part of the movie that takes place in the 1996 loony bin is a little too much like One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest, and although I was more impressed

with Brad Pitt's acting in this movie than I am in most of his other roles (he played a deranged mental patient suspected of spreading the virus) someone should let him know that it is acting, not twitching, that really earns you that Oscar. Both Bruce Willis and Madeline Stowe were excellent in their roles as well, although there were one too many bare naked butt shots of Bruce than I cared to deal with.

All in all, a great movie, a fun and exciting ride and even some intelligent issues put in there as well. I've noticed how right the timing was for this movie, an apocalypse movie four years before the next millenia, the end of the world is on a few people's minds. It was enough to give me a little apocalypse nightmare of my own. Science Fiction people will love to talk about all the irregularities dealing with the paradox of time travel, it is completely unpredictable and the end will leave everyone debating what really happened. Then there is the issue of the future—can it be changed or is it written in stone? There is even a good little love story sub plot involved as well. In the end, the movie will definitely put anyone in for a shock, and in this time of mediocre and predictable movies, Twelve Monkeys stands out. Last time I checked it was playing at Hampshire Six Cinemas by the mall—check it out.

Amber Cortes



A Cappella Continued

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verse as Eighty Eights, a West Village cabaret, to the Creating Change conference in Raleigh, North Carolina. Last Year they opened the Stonewall 25 Rally in Central Park where they performed for over 80,000 enthusiastic fans.

Rounding out the Wide World of A Cappella are The Trembles, a three woman group also from New York City. They were voted the "Top Female A Cappella Group" in 1995 at the Harmony Sweepstakes, a New York regional a cappella competition. Until recently they have been performing at benefit concerts with the late Maxene Andrews of the famed Andrews Sisters. Their repertoire includes music from the '30s through today, along with their own original work. Tickets for The Wide World of A Cappella are \$15.50 general admission and \$12.50 for students in advance. They are \$18.00 for everyone at the door. Tickets for this event will be sold through the

Northampton Box Office, Thorne's Market, Northampton, (413) 586-8686 or 1-800-THE TICK, and at State Street Fruit Store in Northampton and For the Record in Amherst. On Sunday, February 4th at 2:00 p.m. at the Academy of Music Theater, A Cappella Fest '96: 100% Pure and Unplugged closes with the 12th annual Silver Chord Bowl. With one member each from the Bobs, the Persuasions, Sons and Lovers, and the Trembles as judges, this annual collegiate a cappella competition takes on added significance. This year the Bowl will feature one of the finest women's groups in the Northeast, Yale's Whim 'n Rhythm; our first all African-American group, the Inspiration from the University of Pennsylvania; The Jabberwocks from Brown University; the Smith College Noteables; the Amherst College Zumbies; Hampshire College's Spontaneous Combustion and The Mt. Holyoke College V-8's. Tickets are \$5.00 per person in advance or \$7.00 at the

door. Tickets are now available at the Guild Art Centre and State Street Fruit Store in Northampton; Cooper's Corner in Florence; For the Record in Amherst; Blodgett's Music Store in Springfield and World Eye Bookstore in Greenfield. A Cappella Fest '96: 100% Pure and Unplugged is co-sponsored by the Northampton Arts Council and the Greater Northampton Chamber of Commerce. All proceeds will benefit programs of the Council and of the Chamber. The entire series, Four Sundays in February '96, is partially funded by grants from the National Endowment for the Arts, the Massachusetts Cultural Council and the New England Foundation for the Arts, with additional support from Community Health Plan, the Daily Hampshire Gazette, Massachusetts International Festival of the Arts, Eastside Grill, and the Greater Northampton Chamber of Commerce. For further information, call Bob Cilman or Mary Kasper at 586-6950, ext. 269.